

• With the Christmas Sunday World. •
**Jules Verne's Thrilling
 Prophecy for 1902.**
 • Over 100 Pages. • Out Next Sunday. •

The

"Circulation Books Open to All."



World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

• With the Christmas Sunday World. •
**Hall Caine's Critical
 Study of Pope Leo XIII.**
 • Over 100 Pages. • Out Next Sunday. •

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1901.

PRICE ONE CENT.

SIX-DAY RECORDS ARE NOW IN DANGER.

Five Teams Tied for Lead Struggling to Gain a Lap Set Fierce Pace and Score Grows Closer to Marks Set by McFarland and Elkes.

The record for the six-day race is almost sure to be broken now, and it will be almost entirely due to the efforts of little Hall and his cranksy partner, McLaren, the Englishman. The Britons have been setting a clip that threatens to put some of the remaining ten teams out of business before the day is over.

The men are relieving each other very frequently and with every relief comes sprints that are heart-breakers. It is due to them that the old record held by McFarland and Elkes is being approached, and at 3 o'clock there was a difference of less than twelve miles. That is eight miles nearer than the men were yesterday.

Walthour Looks Badly.

Bobby Walthour is not the finely conditioned looking rider he was twenty-four hours ago. The strain is beginning to tell on him and he is certain his handlers are worrying. He and McEachern started out to ride on a two hours and on off schedule, but that has been abandoned already. Bobby is working until fatigue seizes him and he calls for McEachern. The Southerner has been obliged to adopt the goggles, too, and for so early in the race it is not a good sign. McEachern is by far the stronger and best natured.

But of all good humored fellows, Fisher is probably the best. He likes the cheers of the crowd, and when they are not to be heard he yells a "Wheel!" or an "A la la!" or something of that sort, and he gets the desired rooting. Then he shows his appreciation by getting out and setting the pace.

Munro's Cool Head.

Little Munro came in for a great cheer just before 2 o'clock when after puncturing his tire on a raised plank at a turn and falling he picked up his wheel and regained his lost half lap. When the band began to play the riders seemed to gain new life and a series of terrific sprints was begun by the leaders.

Bobby Walthour and Archie McEachern are determined to win the big six-day race, and before the day is over, they say, they will make good their claim. Both riders' trainers, Bobby Thompson for McEachern, and Eli Winesett for Walthour, have planned the stealing of a lap.

Tried to Steal a Lap.

At about 10 o'clock Walthour went to lie down for his usual two hours' rest, and it was then decided if the Atlanta boy felt good enough when he arose the lap-stealing effort was to be made. But if there was nothing done, then it was to be tried later in the day.

When Walthour was relieved by his mate the latter set a swift pace, but he could not get away from the other men in the race. Walthour, fresh from quarters, continued the clip set by McEachern, but the expected tired feeling did not seize the fellows behind. They hung on gamely and the only sufferer of the spirited dash was poor Karsstad.

He was lapped repeatedly and was soon far in the rear of the other men. His appearance does not tell of fine condition. He is all out apparently.

Pace Tells on Leaders.

Fisher and Chevallier are not in the best of humor, and it is more than likely that should they fall back any they will drop out of the race. Being one of the five teams tied for first place is what keeps them going. Their is the only team of any of the foreign ones which can be considered with a chance. The others are from a lap to twelve miles in the rear.

Billy King and Samuelson, the Mormon team in the six-day race, because of their plucky uphill fight, and the fact that they entered the race with scarcely a cent with which to buy food, have fallen into the hands of an "angel" in the person of Merri Osborn, the well-known actress. She has contributed \$50 toward the training expenses of the boys from the West, and promises to see that they are well fed throughout the race.

Miss Osborn heard the hard-luck story of the riders last night; how

they came on freight trains, without food, wheels, etc., and at once offered to aid them.

Now King and Samuelson have gone into the camp of John West, the best trainer of cyclists in the country.

They have had poor handling, and this morning King came near cutting his career short by drinking a pitcher of ice-water on an empty stomach.

Manager Powers admires the pluck of the boys and will see that they have good treatment. Both boys are riding cheap wheels. They started out from Salt Lake City with good wheels and a manager who was to pay all expenses.

At Denver the manager skipped with the wheels and the boys came on via freight and any old way they could. They are only one lap behind the leaders, a splendid showing considering the handling they have had.

Bank Uses Drugs, Too.

Hans Jask, of the team representing Germany, probably shows the effect of the awful pace more than any other man in the race. His eyes have a glassy stare and are cleveted on the track that swiftly glides beneath his wheel. His cheeks are sunken and his face totally devoid of expression.

ARREST BIG STAMP ROBBERY SUSPECT

Stamp Dealer Found with \$2,000 on Person Locked Up in Ludlow Street.

Post-Office Inspectors who have been working on the Post-Office stamp robbery in Chicago last October, think that the arrest of Charles Stokes in this city has solved it. A search of Stokes's apartments at No. 651 Monroe street, Brooklyn, this morning, brought to light \$1,261 stamps of denominations from 51 down to 1 cent.

Stokes was arrested last night in the General Post-Office Building, in connection with being an agent of the gang that tunneled under the Chicago Post-Office Building and looted the stamp safe, leaving behind them absolutely no trace.

James Mark, of No. 29 Broadway, who is Stokes's attorney, said this afternoon that the Post-Office Inspectors in their effort to make a spurge in the case that had baffled them had made a sad mistake.

"Mr. Stokes," said Lawyer Mark, "is one of the best known stamp dealers in this city, and his transactions have always been large. His retaining fee was paid by one of the best known banks in town, and there is no possibility that he could be mixed up with the Chicago Post-office robbers. The mistake the over zealous inspectors have made will all be known at the proper time."

Stokes asserts that he knows nothing about the stamp robbery in Chicago, and that he

came by the stamps in his possession legitimately. He was arraigned before United States Commissioner Shields this morning and held as a suspicious person.

The attention of the Post-Office inspectors was directed to Stokes some time ago. He was offering stamps in large quantities, and word of it reached the Government detectives. They learned that he claimed to have an immense amount of one-cent stamps—more than he had stolen in a year from all the post-offices in the country, with the exception of the haul from the Chicago Post-Office.

Shadowed by Inspectors.

Stokes was shadowed, and inspectors Mayer and Stewart, of Chicago, were sent for. In company with Inspectors Swift and Jacobs, of the local office, they trailed Stokes to the general post-office early on Monday.

A warrant was sworn out for him and given to United States Marshal Henkel and Deputy United States Marshal McAviney. Stokes was taken into custody by the Post-Office inspectors and turned over by them to the United States Marshal. He is now in Ludlow Street Jail.

Over \$2,000 worth of stamps were found on his person when he was arrested, and he admitted that his name was William C. Hartman, and that he was the Chicago Post-Office.

William C. Hartman Says He Was Kept from Testifying by Dosed Drink.

One of the prisoners in the Harlem Court this afternoon was a distinguished looking man, arrayed in one of the latest form-fitting overcoats and plenty of other fine clothes. He answered to the name of William C. Hartman, of No. 21 West Seventy-eighth street.

"You know," he said to the Court, "I am the victim of a plot. I am a witness in an important case at White Plains this very afternoon. I ought to be there now. But today I met one of the men on the opposite side of the case. He asked me to have just one drink. I took one, and I don't remember anything that happened for three hours after that."

"Of course, I don't know I was given knockout drops, but I think that's what it was."

Magistrate Olmsted was much impressed by this excuse. "And you'd better hurry or you won't get to White Plains in time," he said, smiling, hurried away.

Business success depends upon energy, ability—and Sunday World Wants.

VERY LATEST NEWS IN BRIEFEST FORM.

5000 BICYCLE SCORE.

HALL & MCCLAREN	818
FREE & MCCLAREN	819
NARVES & FRANK	818
LAMSON & FRANK	736
BUTLER & FRANK	818
NEWARK & FRANK	819
W. E. & FRANK	819
MAY & FRANK	819
KING & FRANK	819
SAINT & FRANK	819

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

W. E. & FRANK, 819.

SUBMARINE BOAT SUNK.

Hurry Call Sent for Divers to Raise Fulton from Bottom of Sound at New Suffolk.

The Holland submarine boat Fulton, full of water, is at the bottom of Long Island Sound. A diver is at work trying to raise her.

According to the report of the affair given out by the officials of the company the sinking of the boat was an accident. No one was aboard of her and no one was injured.

The first intimation that there was anything wrong with the Fulton got to New London, Conn., at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, when a telephone message from New Suffolk, L. I., conveyed the information to the Scott Wrecking Company that a diver was wanted. It was a hurry call.

The Scott people started a diver on the swift yacht Norwalk for the experimenting grounds of the submarine boat.

Soon after this the Evening World called up the Holland office at New Suffolk and asked for information. It was said that no one in authority was there and no information could be given out.

The person speaking said, however, that there had been a slight accident, but that the boat was not badly damaged, and that no one had been hurt.

At the New York office of the company, No. 109 Broadway, the following statement was made to the Evening World at 5 o'clock:

"Late yesterday afternoon, while the Fulton was lying at her dock, her stern was raised by the big derrick in order that some repairs might be made to the exhaust valve. Of course, the elevation of the stern

caused a corresponding depression of the bow.

"Some careless employe had left the forward hatch open and the water poured in rapidly. When this was discovered the stern was lowered, but so much water had gained entrance that the boat sank on the identical spot where she had remained under for fifteen hours.

"No report of the accident reached this office until this morning. We sent word to New London for a diver, who arrived at New Suffolk a short time ago. We expect that he will raise the boat to-night.

"Outside of what damage has been done to the machinery by salt water, the financial loss is small. No blame attaches to Capt. Cable, who has charge of the boat. He was in New York at the time of the accident."

AGED MILLIONAIRE'S DEATH KEPT SECRET SINCE SUNDAY

Donald MacLeod, Whose Beautiful Young Wife Was Accused of Keeping Him a Prisoner, Had Not Been Seen by Relatives Since April 25.

Though Donald MacLeod, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, whose relatives instituted habeas corpus proceedings some time ago, alleging that he was a prisoner in his wife's home, died on Sunday last, no notice of his death was given to his relatives or the public until today.

The death certificate has not yet been filed with the Health Department, but it has been furnished to the undertaker. At MacLeod's home, No. 785 Carroll street, Brooklyn, all information concerning his death is refused. At his office, No. 29 Church street, Manhattan, where Mr. MacLeod for years conducted a profitable wool and linen business, it was said that Mr. MacLeod had died from a complication of rheumatism, diabetes and heart disease.

Mr. MacLeod's relatives say that from the time of the filing of the first divorce papers, persistently refused them access to him, that Richard MacLeod tried repeatedly to see his brother, but that he was unable to do so, as the wife hired a quartet of muscular young men to keep watch at the house day and night.

Finally the brother instituted habeas corpus proceedings, alleging that his brother was in ill health and was being kept a prisoner by his wife. The writ

was granted, but Mrs. MacLeod's attorney appeared in court with a doctor's certificate, alleging that Mr. MacLeod was too ill to leave his bed and he further presented a written statement by Mr. MacLeod, saying he did not wish to see his brother Richard.

The writ was dismissed by Judge Governor.

So far as could be learned, no one outside of the immediate members of the MacLeod household have been allowed to see or speak to the head of the house since April 25 last.

Mr. MacLeod had been in the foreign wool and linen business since 1877, and was rated a millionaire. He was in his sixties-fourth year.

Mrs. MacLeod is a strikingly handsome woman. She was nearly thirty years her husband's junior. They had been married twelve years.

LIVELY BATTling ON AT AMALGAMATED COPPER POST

200,000 Shares Change Hands, with Amalgamated Fluctuating Between 70 and 74 5-8.

COPPER'S CHANGES TOLD BY THE TICKER.

A. C. P.—19 A. M. 72 1/2
 A. C. P.—11 A. M. 71 1/2
 A. C. P.—11:30 A. M. 72 1/2
 A. C. P.—Noon 69
 A. C. P.—1 P. M. 72 1/2
 A. C. P.—1:30 P. M. 74 1/2
 A. C. P.—2 P. M. 73
 A. C. P.—2:30 P. M. 69 1/2
 A. C. P.—3 P. M. 70

Nearly 200,000 shares of Amalgamated Copper changed hands today in an exciting market.

The bulls caught the bears napping this afternoon and for an hour they fought vociferously and almost physically around the Copper post in the Stock Exchange whooping it up for higher prices.

The contest began in earnest after the stock had sagged to 69 recovered to 71 1-2 and finally settled back to 72.

At this figure the bulls jumped into the arena. They made a desperate effort to stampede the bears, and succeeded after the fight had lasted for a long time between 71 and 74.

Then the bears got together and shortly before the market closed they had jammed the price to 69 3-8, when there was a little rally to 70.

It was reported late in the afternoon that a new Copper Trust was to be formed.

It would include, it was said, the Amalgamated companies, the Rio Tinto, owned by the Rothschilds, and the properties owned by United States Senator W. A. Clark and Heinze in Montana.

The best argument of the bears was a revival of the story that the Lewises were to leave the United Metals Selling Company, and that they were at odds with the trust. This was officially denied by the Lewises.

Thomas W. Lawson at noon gave

the following story to the "Band Wagon."

I understand the following story is to be "sprung" this afternoon, and as I do not intend these times to be very far from the "Band Wagon," I will anticipate it a few hours.

The copper war, which has been raging is at an end. The United Metals Selling Company, which has been owned 50 per cent by the Lewises and 50 per cent by H. H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, T. W. Lawson and A. C. Burroughs, is now owned by the Amalgamated Company, the Rothschilds and Calumet and Hecla interests.

The Lewises and the other individual holders' interests have been sold in whole or in part.

The United Metals Selling Company is the owner by purchase of over 80,000 shares of Amalgamated, 80,000 Rio Tinto and 80,000 Calumet and Hecla, and it has contracted to purchase the Amalgamated, Rio Tinto and Hecla production for five years from Jan. 1.

These companies have not contracted to sell. The Lewises are to withdraw from the management of the Selling Company, with the exception of Jesse Lewishin, who with Messrs. Broughton and Rount are to have charge of the company's selling under the title of managing salesmen. The Marcus Daly Amalgamated holdings, amounting to 50,000 shares, have been sold by the estate.

How much of the above is based on facts the future will tell, probably the very near future. I can only vouch for the part that applies to me. I was one of the original owners in the United Metals Selling Company. I have disposed of my holdings.

I can vouch also for the fact of the disposal of the Daly holdings of Amalgamated. They were sold by the estate, and the selling began on the Saturday when the statement appeared that "The United States authorities at Washington have begun action against the Amalgamated Company, and Lawson will be obliged to throw over his holdings next week."

Regardless of what has happened to Amalgamated or will happen I still desire to be on record as having predicted it would sell at above \$100 per share.

The Evening World's correspondent in Boston a statement which revealed some of the secrets of the Amalgamated deal and which had a decided effect on the market.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for the thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Wednesday, Dec. 11.

Fair and colder to-night; Wednesday fair and cold; brisk West to Northwest winds.

SHOPPERS IN VICTIM OF A MAD RUSH.

Runaway Horse Causes Panic in West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

Christmas shoppers on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street between Eleventh and Lenox avenues were thrown into a panic late this afternoon by a runaway horse making a wild dash up the sidewalk. No one was hurt, but two women fainted in the rush to escape.

The horse was hitched to a light grocery wagon belonging to John Haver, of No. 100 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. While the driver was out of the wagon a moment at Eighth avenue, the horse took fright at an automobile and ran. The wagon smashed against an elevated road pillar and was wrecked.

With the shaft digging the brute plunged straight toward the moving hundreds on the sidewalks. Women and children screamed and ran in terror. "Suspender Jack" McGee, a mounted policeman, chased the runaway to the street, but could not reach his head because of the dangling shafts.

At Seventh avenue the horse almost bolted into a toy store, filled with women and children.

Many men tried to stop the runaway, but it was not until Lenox avenue was crossed that McGee caught up. The horse made a run of about a third of a mile.

HOT WRANGLE CLUBBED IN OVER NAGLE.

Aldermen in Bitter Debate Over Report in Favor of \$180,000 Appropriation.

The report of the Committee on Finance in favor of an appropriation of \$180,000 for Commissioner Nagle for street-cleaning purposes came up for special order in the Board of Aldermen today and precipitated a hot wrangle among the members on the floor.

Alderman Downing jumped to his feet and cried: "It is time we stopped this reckless expenditure of money. It is all folly, and I hope we will not consider all these demands for cash cans and so forth."

Alderman Wirth said: "It is very strange that Nagle at this time—the last three weeks of his term of office—should come here and want \$180,000 more."

The report was lost by a vote of 30 to 11.

A. B. Boardman, of the Rapid Transit Commission, had the liveliest ten minutes of his official career before the Board of Aldermen this afternoon.

He had been granted ten minutes by the Board to explain the proposed extension of Lenox avenue from One Hundred and Forty-second street to the Harlem River.

First Alderman Bridges wanted to know if the contractor would own that part of the extension above One Hundred and Forty-second street. Mr. Boardman said he would. "Then," said Alderman Bridges, "we would be giving more property to the contractor if we granted the extension."

ASBURY PARK GUESTS SAW MARSHAL TAKE PRISONER BY FORCE.

Asbury Park, N. J., Dec. 9.—Guests at the Grand Avenue Hotel here, one of the most fashionable winter resorts on the coast, were thrown into a state of excitement over the brutal clubbing of George Todd by Marshal Samuel Foster, of Point Pleasant.

The marshal went to the hotel with William Todd, a brother of the man who was clubbed. The Todds had fought at their mother's home in Point Pleasant, and to separate them, J. M. Harding, a brother-in-law, had spirited George away in a carriage heading to conceal him in Asbury Park until the trouble had subsided.

William Harding, who has a brother who disappeared, procured a warrant for his arrest and in company with the marshal followed in another carriage.

The two men went directly to the hotel, and, going to Todd's room, William sprang at his brother, while the marshal, drawing his club, beat him, the guests say, until he was covered with blood and almost too weak to stand.

The man was finally taken from the house and all four returned to Point Pleasant, where the prisoner was locked up. He had a hearing this afternoon.